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THE GHOST THAT JIM SAW.

(Kansas Pacific Railway, 1873.)
Why, as to that—said the engineer—
Ghosts ain't things we ought to fear,
Spirits don't do us no harm,
And chivalry don't take to such;
And as for Jim—
That happened to him
Was one-half fact and the other half whim?
Running one night on the line, he saw:
A house—a plain as the moral law—
Just by the moonlight, and there
Came a drunken man with no more sense
Than to drop on the rail,
Flat as a board, with the midnight mail.
Down went the patient, steam reversed,
Two late for there came a "third," Jim cursed,
As his dream, there in the night,
Kinder stared in the face of Jim.
And says, "What now?"
"Hare Jim, what now?"
"I've just run over a man—what's he?"
The fireman stared at Jim. They ran
Back, but they never found him nor man—
Nary a shadow within a mile.
Jim turned pale, but he tried to smile—
Then on he tore,
To the mile or more,
To quicker than he'd made afore.
You would believe it: the very next night
Up rose that house in the moonlight white;
Down went the patient, and the next morn—
And so, in fact,
Back to the track
Occurred, till folks swore Jim was cracked.
Humph! Let me see: it's a year now, most,
That I met Jim, East, and said, "How's your
ghost?" says Jim; "and more, it's plain
That ghost don't trouble me again;
I thought I should
That ghost when I took
A place on the line—what's he look like?"
What should I meet the first trip out,
But that very house that we talked about,
And that self-same man? "Well," says I, "I guess
It's time to stop this yarn for now."
No I cranked on steam,
From my friends, and that broke my dream—
"You've heard somebody?" says I, "Not much;
I've been there often and they ain't no such;
And now I'll prove it." Back we ran,
And down the track, and over a man
On the rail, dead,
Stunned in the head.
Now I call that nonsense. That's all Jim said.
—Best Harts, in the New York Times.

Humor.

EXPENSIVE FURNITURE—Indian Ru-

roads.

CURE for a felon—Take it to the peni-
tentiary.

A CRIMINAL COURT—Sparking another

man's wife.

LADY HUSBANDS are known out West

as stove watchers.

WHY is a coachman like the clouds?

Because he holds the reins.

REAL cases of kidnapping—When the

baby is "cribbled" at night.

MARRIAGE is described by a French

cynic as a tiresome book with a very fine

preface.

JAMES says his grocer, having been

converted, has forsaken the errors of his

ways.

If a man oversteers, his sleep will be

disturbed by the nightmare—another

name for provisions.

Let your motto be, "Liberty or

Death," and if it comes to the pinch

take the most in liberty.

"I say," said a rough fellow to a

fop with conspicuous bow-ties, "I say,

don't you have to have your phalluses

cut with a circular saw?"

ONE who knows how it is herself says,

"The man who is awfully urbane to his

wife before strangers, is generally also

her back behind their backs."

Now is the time for tree agents. Look

carefully at their fine pictures of fruit.

It looks tempting, but be careful you

are not charmed by the gaudy paint.

CALIFORNIA agriculturists are going

largely into ginger.

much much the first syllable yet, but

hope to do so when their plants germinate.

"What is Heaven's best gift to man?"

asked a young lady on Essex street,

Sunday night, smiling sweetly on a

pleasant looking clerk. "A how," replied

the young man, with great prudence.

—Danbury News.

A NEVADA paper says: "The many

friends of Bill Thompson will regret to

learn that he has been killed by a col-

ic mountain to-day, on Nixon's Hill, while

lying in wait to shoot a Chinaman. This

was always a world of disappointment."

A MAN in Iowa by the name of Silas

Chester was married the other day to a

girl named Anna Good. The most ob-

stinate person would instantly call to mind

the Scriptural injunction, "B. Chew

that which is evil, cleaving only to that

which is Good."

"MRS. HOPKINS, why don't you sprin-

kle ashes on your icy sidewalk like Mrs.

Bedou, your opposite neighbor, for the

benefit of passers-by, and so imitate the

Good Samaritan?" "Let the passers-by

imitate the Priest and Levite, and

pass by on the other side."

A YOUNG lady who entered a Broad-

way music store, and asked the young

man in attendance, "Have you Happy

Dreams?" was astonished when he re-

sponded, "No, ma'am, I'm mostly troubled

with the nightmare. He didn't know

why she went out so hurriedly and

slammed the store door after her.

Noble Conduct of a Dog.

Among the vessels which went ashore

during the August gales on the Nova

Scotia coast was the schooner J. C.

Smith, of Wellfleet, which went on near

St. Mademoiselle. Soon after she

struck several of the crew swung ashore

on the stony halliards. Four were

drowned. One young man washed

overboard, while vainly struggling

in the surf was seen by a large

foundland dog, which was at the top

of the bluff, fully fifteen feet above

the water. In an instant he plunged

over the precipice and in almost as little

time as it takes to tell it was out among

the rocks and undertow. He dis-

appeared from sight for several minutes,

and when next seen had gotten his body

partly over a rock, backside, and

while almost strangled himself, was

dragging forth with indomitable grip

the drowning youth. The struggle was

successful. Both boy and dog were

saved, although nearly exhausted when

they reached the shore.

CHURCH is in harmony with the age.

He is 74.

THE RED CLOUD CHIEF.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

RED CLOUD.

Webster County, Neb.

Two Dollars a Year, in Advance.

AGASSIZ.

BY JAMES T. SPILL.

Once in the land of the fairies,
When the moon shined over the stars,
I wandered through the Vale of Orbe
Where Agassiz was born.The birds in the forest had known
That the moon shined over the stars,
And happy songs he used to hear
Made all the landscape gay.I saw the streamlet from the hills
Run laughing through the valley green,
And as I watched it run, I said,
"This is dear eyes have seen."For cliffs of ice his feet had climbed
That day of his first journey,
The avalanche seemed to sound
The name of Agassiz.And, standing on the mountain crag
Where jagged waters rush and foam,
I felt, that though on Cambridge side,
He was that spot my home.And looking round me as I stood,
I knew in joy of fear, or care,
Or homelike feelings, leaving me
Once Agassiz stood there!I walked beneath no alien skies
That day of his first journey,
For ever where I looked, I saw
His giant, beloved hand.His smile was stamped on every tree,
And every shadow to his name,
And every image in the lake
Reflected his dear face.Great keeper of the magic keys
That could unlock the guarded gates,
Where Science like a monarch stands,
And sacred knowledge waits.Thus Agassiz, on Charles' banks,
Thy memory still in the world contains,
For thou couldst lead in human life
All hearts in golden chains!This was the heaven-born spell that sets
Our warm and cold affections free,
Who knew thee best must love thee best,
And longest mourn for thee!

—Scribner's for March.

SCARED OUT OF A WIFE.

A Laughable Story.

The narrative which I am about to

write, was told to me one bleak, cold

night, in a country parlor. It was one

of those nights in midwinter, when the

wind swept over the land, making every-

thing tingle with its frosty breath, that

I was seated before a blazing fire, sur-

rounded by a jolly, half dozen boys

and an old bachelor—a Peter Green—

about forty and eighty years old.

It was just the night without, to

make those within enjoy a good story,

so each of us had to tell his favorite

story, save Mr. Green, who was a

jolly old fellow, we all looked for a

jolly story. We were somewhat sur-

prised to hear him say, "I have no

story that would interest you," so we

had to find other entertainments for a

time, when one of the boys told me

to ask him how he happened he never got

married. So I did.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "it

don't seem right for me to tell how that

happened, but as it is about myself I

don't care much. You see, when I was

young, we had to walk as high as five

miles to church, and singing school,

which was our chief recreation. But

this didn't have anything to do with my

not getting a wife, but I just wanted

to show you that we had some trouble

days in getting our sport.

John Smith and I were like brothers,

or like Mr. Green, and his little lamb."

Where one went the other was sure to

go. So we went to see two sisters and

as we were not the best boys imagin-

able, the old gentleman took umbrage

and wouldn't allow us to come near the

house, so we would take the girls to the

city of the town, and there we would

have to take the final kiss.

We soon got tired of that sort of fun,

and I told John, on our way to singing

school one night, that I was going to

take Saddle home, and that I was going

into the house, too.

He said the old man would run me if

I did.

I told him I was going to risk it any-

how, let him what would.

He said "he would risk it if I

would."

So home we went with the girls.

When we got to the end of the lane, I

told the girls we proposed going all

the way.

They looked at each other in a way

I didn't like too well, but they said the

old folks would be in bed, so they didn't

care if we did.

They were a little more surprised

yet when I told them, they thought of

going in a little while, but as all was

quiet when we got to the house, we had

no trouble in getting into the kitchen.

Then and there we had our first court,

and I made up my mind to ask Saddle

to be my wife the next time I came.

It was now past the turn of the night,

and as we had four miles to go, I

told John we would have to go on.

So we stepped out on the porch, but

just as we did so, the sky was lit up by

lightning, and one tremendous thunder

peal rolled along the mountain sides.

It echo had not died out in the far off

valleys until the rain began to pour

from the gathered fullness of the clouds.

We waited for it to stop until we were

all sleepy, when the girls said we should

go to bed in the little room at the head

of the stairs, which led out of the kitchen,

as their father didn't get up early we

could be home to face the old folks with

good night—and hugging them a little

—and wishing them pleasant dreams,

and promising them to come back on

next Saturday night, we started for

bed.

We didn't have far to go, as the bed

stood near the head of the stairs. John

was soon in bed, but as I was always

a little slow, and full of curiosity, I was

looking around the little room.

At last I thought I would sit down on

a chest which was spread over with a

nice, white cloth, while I drew off my

boots. So down I sat, when, start of

the east, I went plump into a big egg-

custard pie!

I thought John would be laughing,

for he said I had smashed that custard

all to thunder, and the plate right in

two.

You see we had to be awful quiet, so

that the old man would not hear.

I was now ready to get into bed, so I

put the light out and picked up my

boots, thinking to put them in a more

convenient place, when down my one

leg went through a pipe hole, which had

been covered with paper, up to my hip.

Now one part of me was up stairs,

and the other part was down stairs.

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